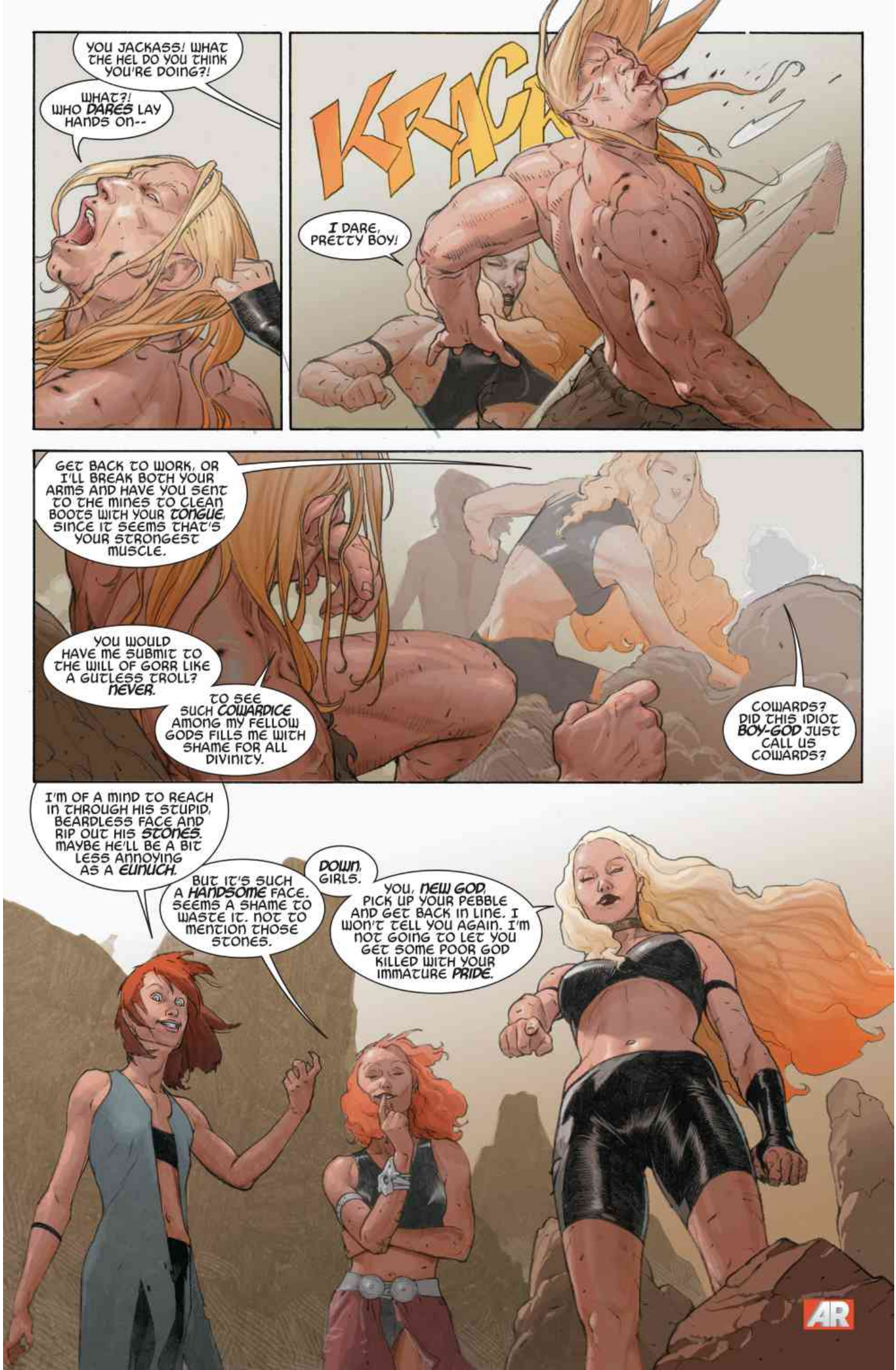
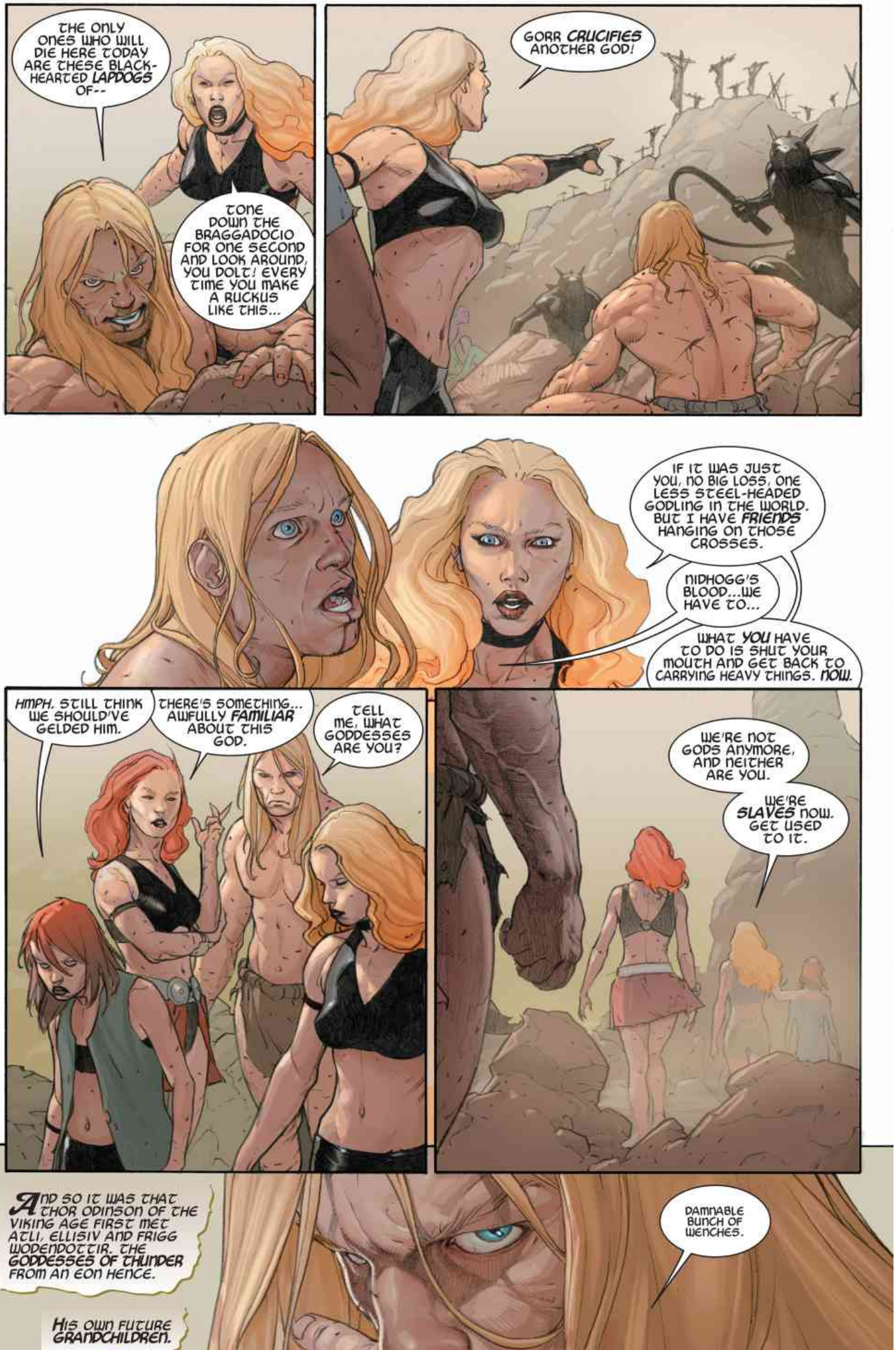
GODBOMB PART TWO: GOD IN CHAINS

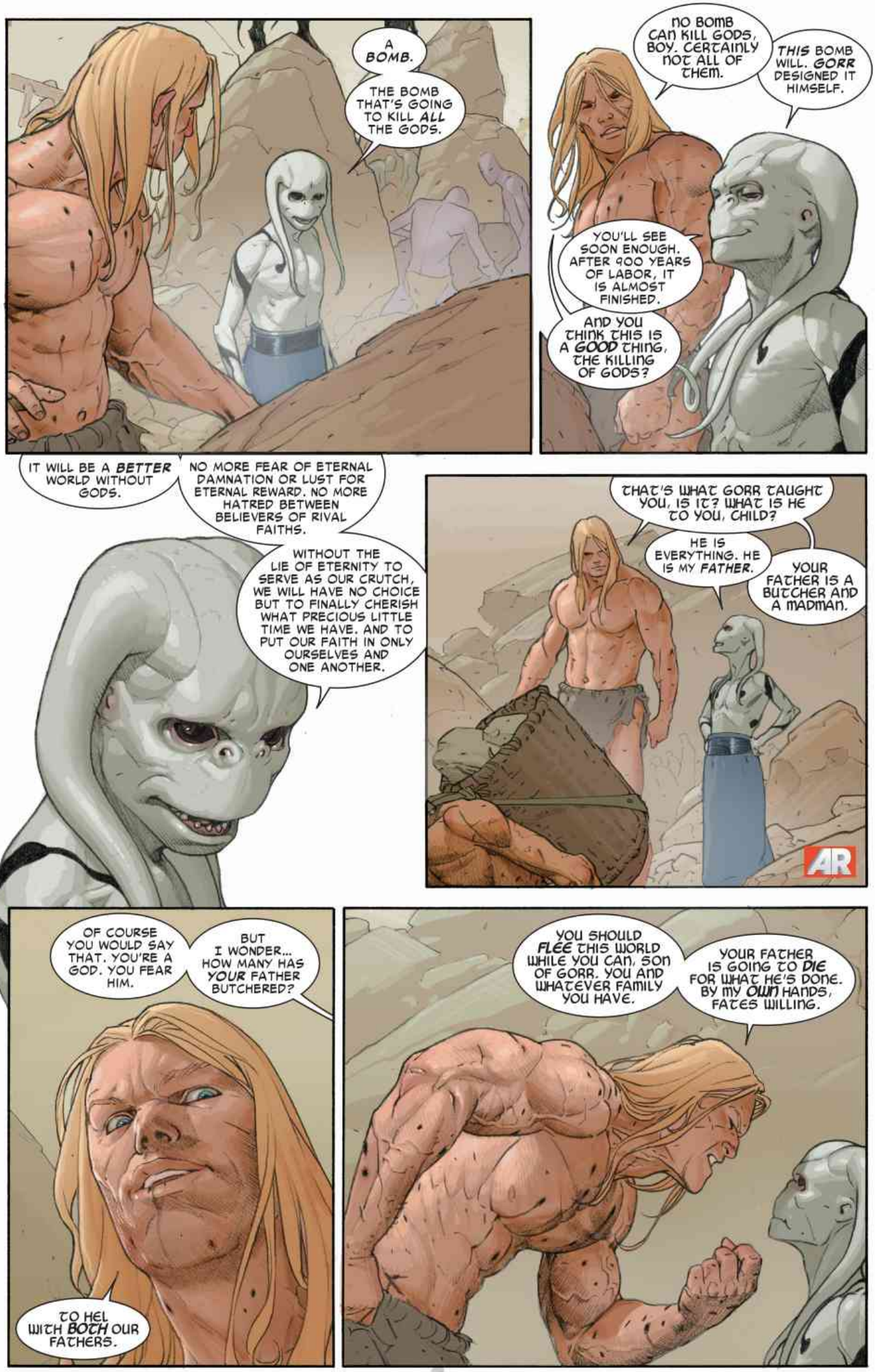
The Far Future.
The Black Ocean of Deep Space.
I GROW BATTLE-STARVED. HOW MUCH FARTHER TO THE GOD BUTCHER'S LAIR?
STILL A FEW BILLION LIGHT YEARS. BUT WE'VE GOT A GOOD SOLAR WIND AT OUR BACKS AND ALE A PLENTY.
WE'VE NO MORE ALE.
HELA'S PALE BOSOM, BOY! GO POLISH THINE HAMMER OR PRACTICE GROWING A BEARD BEFORE I CAST THY ASS OVERBOARD!
OR BETTER YET, GET THEE TO SLEEP. BELIEVE ME, ONCE WE MAKE LANDFALL ON THE UNHOLY WORLD OF GORR...
"THERE WILL BE LITTLE TIME FOR RELAXATION."
KRAK

The Unholy World Of Gorr,
City Of The God-Slaves,
Mount Of The Godbomb.
GRRRRGHH!!!
THAT SHALL BE THE LAST TIME YOU EVER WHIP AN HEIR TO ASGARD, YOU BLACK-EYED WRETCH!
CARRY THINE OWN DAMN ROCKS!
COME THEN, YOU DOGS OF GORR!
THIS GOD IS NO MAN'S SLAVE!


YOU JACKASS! WHAT THE HEL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!
WHAT?! WHO DARES LAY HANDS ON--
KRACK
I DARE, PRETTY BOY!
GET BACK TO WORK, OR I'LL BREAK BOTH YOUR ARMS AND HAVE YOU SENT TO THE MINES TO CLEAN BOOTS WITH YOUR TONGUE, SINCE IT SEEMS THAT'S YOUR STRONGEST MUSCLE.
YOU WOULD HAVE ME SUBMIT TO THE WILL OF GORR LIKE A GUTLESS TROLL? NEVER.
TO SEE SUCH COWARDICE AMONG MY FELLOW GODS FILLS ME WITH SHAME FOR ALL DIVINITY.
COWARDS? DID THIS IDIOT BOY-GOD JUST CALL US COWARDS?
I'M OF A MIND TO REACH IN THROUGH HIS STUPID, BEARDLESS FACE AND RIP OUT HIS STONES. MAYBE HE'LL BE A BIT LESS ANNOYING AS A EUNUCH.
BUT IT'S SUCH A HANDSOME FACE. SEEMS A SHAME TO WASTE IT. NOT TO MENTION THOSE STONES.
DOWN, GIRLS.
YOU, NEW GOD, PICK UP YOUR PEBBLE AND GET BACK IN LINE. I WON'T TELL YOU AGAIN. I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU GET SOME POOR GOD KILLED WITH YOUR IMMATURE PRIDE.
AR


THE ONLY ONES WHO WILL DIE HERE TODAY ARE THESE BLACK-HEARTED LAPDOGS OF--
TONE DOWN THE BRAGGADOCIO FOR ONE SECOND AND LOOK AROUND, YOU DOLT! EVERY TIME YOU MAKE A RUCKUS LIKE THIS...
GORR CRUCIFIES ANOTHER GOD!
IF IT WAS JUST YOU, NO BIG LOSS, ONE LESS STEEL-HEADED GODLING IN THE WORLD. BUT I HAVE FRIENDS HANGING ON THOSE CROSSES.
NIDHOGG'S BLOOD...WE HAVE TO...
WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO IS SHUT YOUR MOUTH AND GET BACK TO CARRYING HEAVY THINGS. NOW.
HMPH. STILL THINK WE SHOULD'VE GELDED HIM.
THERE'S SOMETHING... AWFULLY FAMILIAR ABOUT THIS GOD.
TELL ME, WHAT GODDESSES ARE YOU?
WE'RE NOT GODS ANYMORE, AND NEITHER ARE YOU.
WE'RE SLAVES NOW. GET USED TO IT.
AND SO IT WAS THAT THOR ODINSON OF THE VIKING AGE FIRST MET ATLI, ELLISIV AND FRIGG WODENDOTTIR. THE GODDESSES OF THUNDER FROM AN EON HENCE.
HIS OWN FUTURE GRANDCHILDREN.
DAMNABLE BUNCH OF WENCHES.

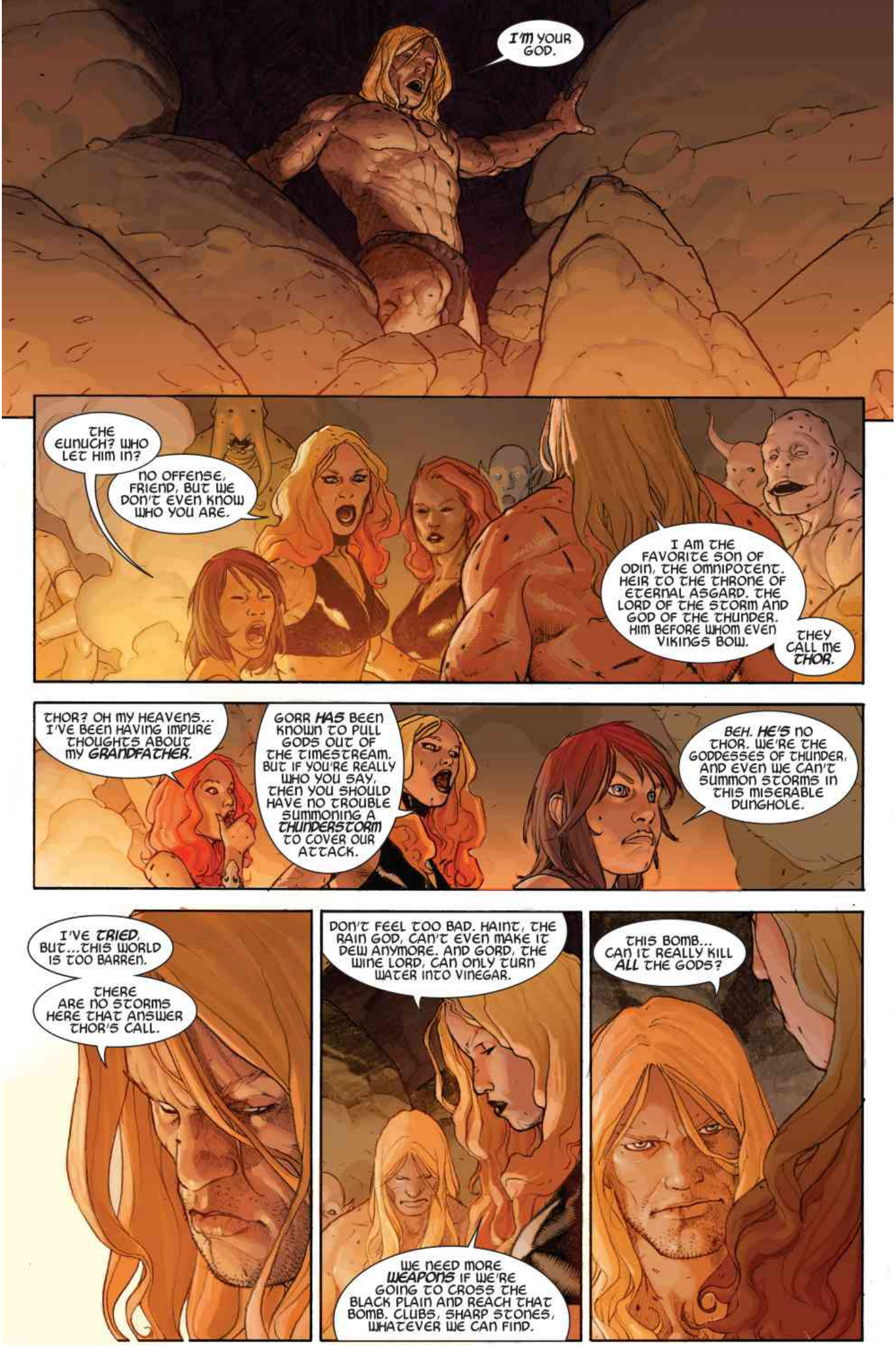
The gods mined broken moons in silence.
Voices that once spoke whilst galaxies obeyed now reduced to frightened whimpers and feeble weeping.
Kings of heaven and hell who had sat atop opulent thrones now squatted in muck and their own filth.
These were gods in whose image great temples had been erected, in whose names epic wars had been waged for generations.
But now, glassy-eyed and hollow, not even they could remember who they were.
That will never be me, thought the god of thunder. Never in a million millennia would my spirit break so utterly.
But at the same time, he thought it best not to wait too many millennia to find out.
What the hel is that thing, then?
THOR

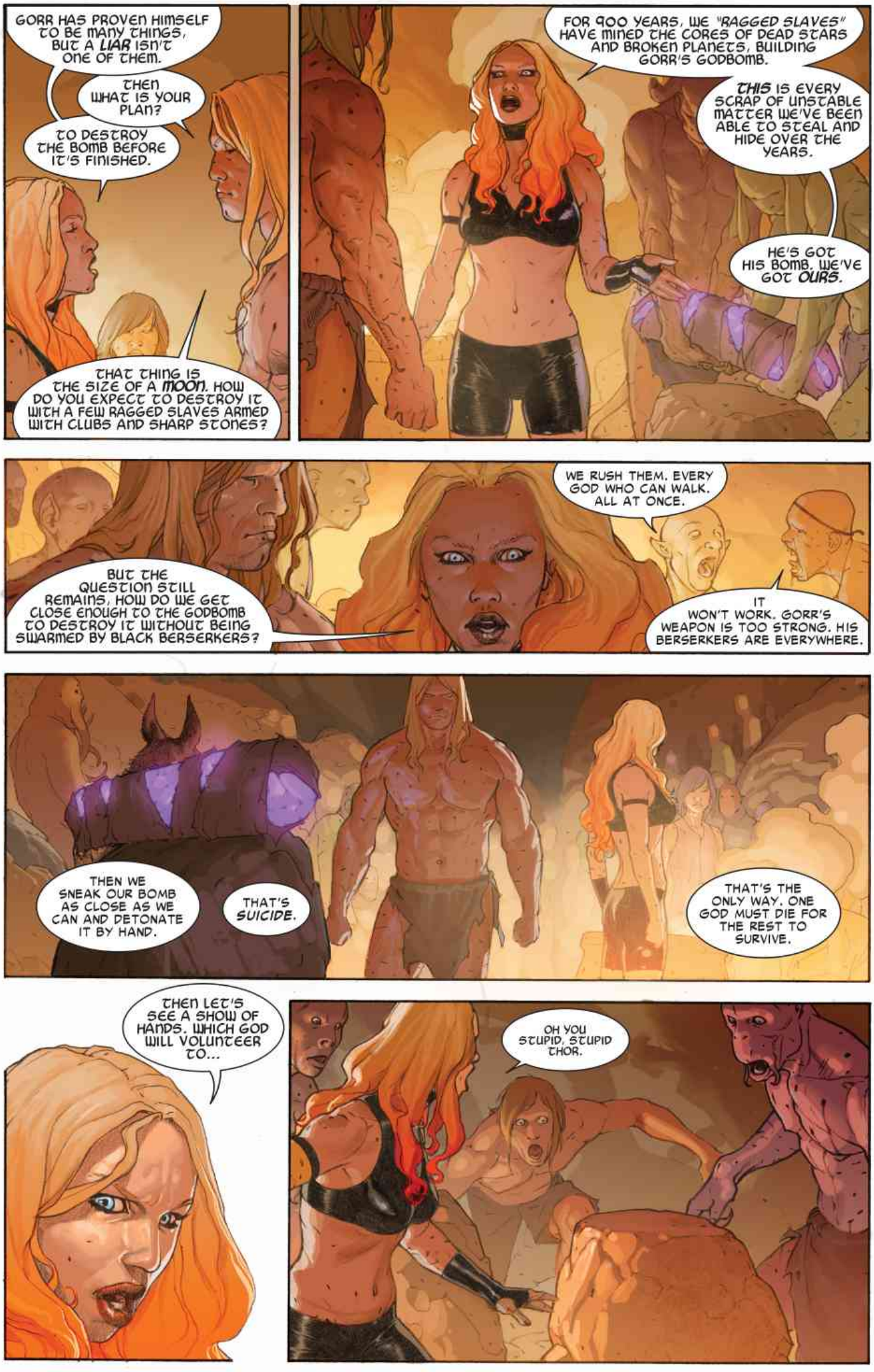

A BOMB.
THE BOMB THAT'S GOING TO KILL ALL THE GODS.
NO BOMB CAN KILL GODS, BOY. CERTAINLY NOT ALL OF THEM.
THIS BOMB WILL. GORR DESIGNED IT HIMSELF.
YOU'LL SEE SOON ENOUGH. AFTER 900 YEARS OF LABOR, IT IS ALMOST FINISHED.
AND YOU THINK THIS IS A GOOD THING, THE KILLING OF GODS?
IT WILL BE A BETTER WORLD WITHOUT GODS.
NO MORE FEAR OF ETERNAL DAMNATION OR LUST FOR ETERNAL REWARD. NO MORE HATRED BETWEEN BELIEVERS OF RIVAL FAITHS.
WITHOUT THE LIE OF ETERNITY TO SERVE AS OUR CRUTCH, WE WILL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO FINALLY CHERISH WHAT PRECIOUS LITTLE TIME WE HAVE. AND TO PUT OUR FAITH IN ONLY OURSELVES AND ONE ANOTHER.
THAT'S WHAT GORR TAUGHT YOU, IS IT? WHAT IS HE TO YOU, CHILD?
HE IS EVERYTHING. HE IS MY FATHER.
YOUR FATHER IS A BUTCHER AND A MADMAN.
AR
OF COURSE YOU WOULD SAY THAT. YOU'RE A GOD. YOU FEAR HIM.
BUT I WONDER... HOW MANY HAS YOUR FATHER BUTCHERED?
TO HEL WITH BOTH OUR FATHERS.
YOU SHOULD FLEE THIS WORLD WHILE YOU CAN, SON OF GORR. YOU AND WHATEVER FAMILY YOU HAVE.
YOUR FATHER IS GOING TO DIE FOR WHAT HE'S DONE. BY MY OWN HANDS, FATES WILLING.

HHGHK
NEVER SPEAK ILL OF MY FATHER. HE IS A GREAT MAN. AND YOU ARE BUT A JEALOUS GOD.
OPEN YOUR EYES, BOY.
HE ISN'T A MAN AT ALL.
NOT ANYMORE.
GET BACK TO WORK, SLAVE.
BEFORE I HAVE YOU CRUCIFIED.
EVERY ONE OF YOU WILL BE FORGOTTEN! EVERY GOD EVER SPAWNED! ALL YOUR TEMPLES WILL BE DUST! YOUR HOLY BOOKS BURNED TO ASH!
BUT MY FATHER'S NAME WILL NEVER DIE! DO YOU HEAR ME, GODS OF MAN?!
THE NAME OF GORR THE REDEEMER WILL LIVE FOREVER!

King Thor's snoring shook the rigging.
Galaxies passed by in a blur.
Thor the Avenger held the great wheel steady and called forth the solar storms and all the interstellar winds he could muster to push the flying dragonship ever faster through the cosmic currents.
Faster than the speed of light or all known laws of man.
Faster than all but the boldest of gods had ever dared.
He talked to his hammer as he sailed, chasing the stench of dead gods across the spaceways.
He struggled to put doubts from his mind. Worries that buried within Gorr's vengeful rants...there was some small ember of truth.
A truth that threatened to consume him.
Thor sailed on, craving combat with every ounce of his being.
Combat, and just a bit more ale.

GORR'S GOD-SLAVES WORKED FOR DAYS ON END WITHOUT PAUSE, WITHOUT SLEEP.
BUT EVERY SEVENTH DAY, THEY WERE ALLOWED A FEW MOMENTS REST.
"AND ON THE SEVENTH DAY THEY RESTED." THIS WAS GORR'S IDEA OF A JOKE.
THREE MORE DAYS AT THE MOST. AND AFTER THAT... GORR'S BOMB WILL BE FINISHED.
AND WE'LL BE DEAD.
ALONG WITH EVERY OTHER GOD EVER BORN.
THEN WE WAIT NO LONGER. WE MUST TAKE OUR SHOT.
WE CANNOT BE RULED BY PANIC. THIS WILL BE OUR ONLY CHANCE.
WE NEED MORE TIME. TO GATHER WEAPONS, TO FIND THE PERFECT MOMENT.
MORE TIME? MOST OF US HAVE BEEN HERE FOR CENTURIES. THERE IS NO MORE TIME!
THE "WHEN" WE CAN DEBATE. BUT FIRST WE MUST SETTLE ON THE "WHO."
WHO DO WE TRUST TO LEAD THE WAY? WHO HAS THE STRENGTH TO CARRY THE BURDEN, KNOWING THAT EVEN IF THEY SUCCEED, THEY WILL MOST ASSUREDLY DIE?
IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT DESTROYING THAT BOMB AND KILLING THAT BASTARD GORR, THEN LOOK NO FURTHER...


I'M YOUR GOD.
THE EUNUCH? WHO LET HIM IN?
NO OFFENSE, FRIEND, BUT WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
I AM THE FAVORITE SON OF ODIN, THE OMNIPOTENT. HEIR TO THE THRONE OF ETERNAL ASGARD. THE LORD OF THE STORM AND GOD OF THE THUNDER. HIM BEFORE WHOM EVEN VIKINGS BOW.
THEY CALL ME THOR.
THOR? OH MY HEAVENS... I'VE BEEN HAVING IMPURE THOUGHTS ABOUT MY GRANDFATHER.
GORR HAS BEEN KNOWN TO PULL GODS OUT OF THE TIMESTREAM. BUT IF YOU'RE REALLY WHO YOU SAY, THEN YOU SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE SUMMONING A THUNDERSTORM TO COVER OUR ATTACK.
BEH. HE'S NO THOR. WE'RE THE GODDESSES OF THUNDER, AND EVEN WE CAN'T SUMMON STORMS IN THIS MISERABLE DUNGHOLE.
I'VE TRIED, BUT...THIS WORLD IS TOO BARREN.
THERE ARE NO STORMS HERE THAT ANSWER THOR'S CALL.
DON'T FEEL TOO BAD. HAINT, THE RAIN GOD, CAN'T EVEN MAKE IT DEW ANYMORE. AND GORD, THE WINE LORD, CAN ONLY TURN WATER INTO VINEGAR.
WE NEED MORE WEAPONS IF WE'RE GOING TO CROSS THE BLACK PLAIN AND REACH THAT BOMB. CLUBS, SHARP STONES, WHATEVER WE CAN FIND.
THIS BOMB... CAN IT REALLY KILL ALL THE GODS?


GORR HAS PROVEN HIMSELF TO BE MANY THINGS, BUT A LIAR ISN'T ONE OF THEM.
THEN WHAT IS YOUR PLAN?
TO DESTROY THE BOMB BEFORE IT'S FINISHED.
THAT THING IS THE SIZE OF A MOON. HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO DESTROY IT WITH A FEW RAGGED SLAVES ARMED WITH CLUBS AND SHARP STONES?
FOR 900 YEARS, WE "RAGGED SLAVES" HAVE MINED THE CORES OF DEAD STARS AND BROKEN PLANETS, BUILDING GORR'S GODBOMB.
THIS IS EVERY SCRAP OF UNSTABLE MATTER WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO STEAL AND HIDE OVER THE YEARS.
HE'S GOT HIS BOMB. WE'VE GOT OURS.
WE RUSH THEM. EVERY GOD WHO CAN WALK. ALL AT ONCE.
BUT THE QUESTION STILL REMAINS, HOW DO WE GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE GODBOMB TO DESTROY IT WITHOUT BEING SWARMED BY BLACK BERSERKERS?
IT WON'T WORK. GORR'S WEAPON IS TOO STRONG. HIS BERSERKERS ARE EVERYWHERE.
THEN WE SNEAK OUR BOMB AS CLOSE AS WE CAN AND DETONATE IT BY HAND.
THAT'S SUICIDE.
THAT'S THE ONLY WAY. ONE GOD MUST DIE FOR THE REST TO SURVIVE.
THEN LET'S SEE A SHOW OF HANDS. WHICH GOD WILL VOLUNTEER TO...
OH YOU STUPID, STUPID THOR.

ONE LAST STORM. THAT'S ALL I ASK.
IF TODAY THE GOD OF THUNDER MUST DIE SCREAMING...
THEN LET THE SKY SCREAM WITH ME!
KRUUMBL
GET EVERY GOD ON THEIR FEET! THE FINAL BATTLE BEGINS NOW!
WAIT! LISTEN...
KRAKA

BOOOOOMMM
DID YOU *FEEL* THAT?
YES. THERE WAS A GREAT STORM IN THE DISTANCE. THOUGH IT PASSED QUICKLY, NOW ALL I FEEL IS PAIN, AND *FIRE* RIPPING THROUGH MY GUTS.
WE MOVE CAREFULLY FROM HERE ON OUT. OUR PREY IS NEAR.

In orbit around Gorr's world, STARSHARKS feed on the flesh of dead gods, cast into the void over the centuries.
Best fetch your HAMMER, boy. I sense something stirring. Something close. Something...
...strangely FAMILIAR.

RRRRRGGGGHHHH!!!
TAKE HEED! HE'S GOT A--
GUUUH
PWONK
SHARKOOOM
WHAT JUST HAPPENED?
YOU WERE STRUCK IN THE FACE WITH A SHARK.
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. WHAT MANNER OF FOUL BEAST HAS GORR CONJURED FOR US THIS TIME?
THE FOULEST, I'M AFRAID.

IS THAT...?
YES, LUCKY ME. ANOTHER ONE.
WHO ARE YOU GRIZZLED OLD BASTARDS AND WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS HERE? IF YOU BE SLAVE TRADERS, YOU WILL ANSWER THIS DAY TO...
...TO...

...
FATHER? IS THAT YOU?
BOR'S BONES. ARE YOU CERTAIN THERE ISN'T ANY ALE LEFT?

Soon.

YOU SURE YOU'RE UP FOR THIS? YOU JUST ESCAPED FROM GORR'S SLAVE WORLD, AND NOW YOU'RE ABOUT TO GO MARCHING RIGHT BACK IN.
BLASTED TIME TRAVEL. WHO EVER KNEW THERE WAS SUCH A THING?
IF YOU TWO OLD FARTS ARE UP FOR IT, THEN I GUESS THAT MEANS I AM AS WELL, DOESN'T IT?

THEN ARM YOURSELF, BOY. AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT.

I'LL BE TOPSIDE. DON'T DAWDLE. I KNOW HOW YOU LOVE TO DAWDLE.
IS THAT THE WORLD YOU JUST BLASTED YOURSELF OFF OF, YOUNG THOR?
AYE, THAT'S IT.
AND THE GREAT BOMB YOU SAID YOU DESTROYED?
THE GODBOMB. IT WOULD'VE BEEN RIGHT...
BY ALL THE PITS OF THE HEL...IT'S...
UNTOUCHED. I DIDN'T SO MUCH AS SCRATCH THE DAMN THING.
THEN LET US HOPE YOU ARE A BETTER SLAYER OF GOD BUTCHERS THAN YOU ARE A DISMANTLER OF BOMBS.
GORR! COME DOWN FROM YOUR CASTLE, YOU BLOODLESS BASTARD! THE GODS OF THUNDER HAVE COME! AND WE WOULD HAVE WORDS WITH THEE!
NAY. THE TIME FOR WORDS HAS PAST.

NOW WE LET THE HAMMERS TALK.